

## Children's Department.

## THE TRAVELLING MONKEY.

BY MARION DOUGLASS.

My master grinds an organ  
And I pick up his money ;  
And when you see me doing it  
You call it very funny.

But, though I dance and caper, stil  
I feel at heart forlorn.  
I wish I were in monkey-land,—  
The place where I was born !

There grow the great green cocoanuts  
Around the palm-tree's crown ;  
I used to climb and pick them off  
And hear them—crack !—come down.

There all day long the purple figs  
Are dropping from the bough ;  
There hang the ripe bananas, oh,  
I wish I had some now !

I'd feast, and feast, and feast, and feast,  
And you should have a share.  
How pleasant 'tis in monkey-land !  
Oh, would that I were there !

On some tall tree top's highest bough ;  
So high the clouds would sail  
Just over me, I wish that I  
Were swinging by my tail !

I'd swing, and swing, and swing and swing.  
How merry that would be !  
But oh ! a travelling monkey's life  
Is very hard for me.

—The Sacred Heart Review.

## OUR LETTER BOX.

*Dear Boys and Girls:* You have all received last week's paper and have seen that we now have \$2.40 towards sending papers and tracts to Brother McFaden to aid him in his work. You have done very well in this work and we thank you very much for this. Will not every boy and girl who has not yet replied send us ten cents? This is a good work and it is one in which the children may do something. If we succeed in sending twenty papers to Brother McFaden, we may do a great amount of good. Every little deed like this that we do will be working for Jesus. Following is the list of names of those who have remitted since last week.

Ida Harris, Verdon, Neb.,	\$1 00
Stella Magers, Buckeye City, O.,	10
Wilma " " " "	10
Blaine Yoder, Morrill, Kans.,	10
Arthur Berkley, Ashland, O.,	10
Elkhart, Ind., Jr. K. C.	1 00
Total,	\$2 40
Previously acknowledged,	2 40
	\$4 80

Sister Mary A. Metzger sent the \$1 for the Juniors of Elkhart, Ind. We are very thankful to her and to the Juniors for the interest they are taking in this good work. Perhaps other Juniors can help us also.

*Dear Editor:*—As I was appointed by the Junior K. C., to write for the EVANGELIST, I will do so. I expect to go into the Senior class soon. We are going to have an entertainment at Enon on Thanksgiving and about six of the Juniors are going to graduate. Our pastor, J. L. Gillin is holding a revival at Hudson. Brother E. S. Hildebrand is taking his place during his absence. I will answer the questions asked in EVANGELIST, No. 45. 1. Jesus. 2. Paul. 3. Thirty years. I will send ten cents toward the Chicago Mission. Waterloo, Iowa BERT R. HOOVER.

(The answers are correct. Accept our thanks for the dime. Your letter should have appeared in last week's issue but was received too late.—ED.)

*Dear Editor:*—I am seven years old. I have attended school two terms. We have no school at present on account of the diphtheria. I am very sorry as I like to go to school so well. The Brethren have no church here, so I attend the Congregational Sunday-school. I will send a dime for the Chicago Mission. I sold old iron for this dime and if I can sell more I will send another dime.

Sabetha, Kans.

CLYDE DEAYER.

(We thank you very much for the dime. We like to see the kind of a spirit you have shown. If you cannot give something very easily, you should work for it. Are there not other children who could earn something?—ED.)

*Dear Editor:*—I will help to fill the children's column. I like to read the little letters I go to Sunday-school every Sunday that I am well. I had a bad sore throat last week. I had to stay out of school. Next Tuesday I will be eleven years old. I will answer Amy Worst's question. Solomon was about eighteen years old when he became king. Esther is the book of the Bible that does not contain the word God. I will close by asking a question. Who was Solomon's mother?

Meyersdale, Pa.

EMMA COOK.

*Dear Editor:*—I see in the children's column the question, Would you like to help a good cause? I will say yes I would like to help to send the EVANGELIST to the Chicago Mission. My little sister Wilma and I will send ten cents each. I don't know whether we will be the first to respond but I hope we will not be the last. I wish more than two hundred would respond to surprise the editor.

Buckeye City, O.

STELLA MAGERS

## THE BOY THAT COULDN'T WAIT.

If there was one word in the English language that Ted hated, it was the word "wait." And people were always saying it.

"I want to go to school with the big boys!" he began before he was out of little plaid "kilts" and long curls like a girl baby's.

"Wait awhile," said mother, thinking of the long quarter-of-a-mile walk and the long three-hour session on the high benches that were made for big boys and not for such very little men and women.

"I want it to be Christmas now!" he

whined two weeks before stocking time; and again he had to be told to wait, for Santa Claus was one that wouldn't be hurried.

Mamma hoped that as he grew older and wiser, he would get over and outgrow this baby habit of wanting things to happen right off, the minute he thought of them. But no; it was a habit of mind that he was born with, and it grew as fast as he did. It was a great trouble to mamma.

In one way and another he did manage to "hurry up things," as he put it. People got tired of his teasing, for one thing. Somehow or other they never turned out quite so happily for it. A birthday party that mamma had planned for him became such a worry to everybody in the house that mamma said at last it would be just as well perhaps to have it a little earlier than she meant to. The real birthday came on Sunday. So of course it must be either Saturday or Monday, and Ted talked so much about it, that the invitations were changed, and all the little boys and girls came Saturday instead. It was vacation, and they might just as well have come on Monday, if it had not been for Ted. Oh, how sorry he was afterward! For promptly at the hour for the party on Monday afternoon, who should come in with a bagful of presents and games and nuts and candy but the dearest uncle in the world who had remembered the little boy's birthday, and come a hundred miles on purpose to give him a good time! That was only one of the times that Ted was sorry. Another was when he got up in the middle of the night and crept out to the Christmas stockings and "peeked" to see what old Mr. Claus had put in them. All at once a little wire frame of butterflies began sliding down, buzzing and humming like so many bumblebees! It waked up papa and mamma instantly, and back to bed he went, but he never saw *that* stockingful again! They thought it was time to teach him a lesson.

It wasn't the last one he had to have, by any means, before he knew it by heart and could practice it. But little by little did begin to make a difference, and by the time another Christmas came round he had become quite as patient as most people, and lost none of his presents by peeping. There is an old proverb that says, "Everything comes to him that can wait." At all events, Ted learned that they never come any sooner to be impatient.

Fond Mother: "My darling, it is bedtime. All the little chickens have gone to bed." Little Philosopher: "Yes, Mamma, and so has the old hen."—*Philadelphia Call.*